pilot, before he came to the House and entered their delusional fabric; they'd never known him....

*****

Porko got the call. From Citizen Hearse! To escort Bruce to Thing Street Clinic. For an assessment.

Porko let himself in, with the master key.

What took you? I nearly bled to death!

He'd folded his clothes with a protractor and stacked them in neat piles. Likewise, everything else. Cans of soup and tuna, change, paper money. There were so many piles, he had difficulty walking.

No, over there! He barked at him to get him a fresh pair of jeans. His current pair looked like somebody'd tried to tear it off him. He'd obviously been beat up, and robbed. He asked Porko for a spare set of keys.

He didn't have any. He'd have to order a set. From Beijing! Moreover, he was under orders. They cost money! 50 bucks for customs duties, paper work, etc. Actually he had a whole shoe box full of them in his sanctuary. They were all the same, but nobody'd ever bothered to try his key in somebody else's door.

Bruce wondered if under the circumstances he wouldn't make an exception. They'd stolen all his MONEY!

Porko agreed. Maybe he could do something. But not without AUTHORITY! He dialed Hearse's private number and waited patiently for the great man to tear himself from the sinking fund....

Maitre, he pleaded. Maybe we'd better waive the replacement fee. He's been robbed. He has NO MONEY!

It wasn't a speaker phone, but they both heard his loud hissing like gas leaking into the room. They could almost smell it!

If he doesn't get the keys, he added sotto voce, he'll never go to THING STREET! We'll NEVER get RID of him!

The hissing stopped immediately. Hmmm, he considered. Waive it! Aren't I a NICE GUY?

Yes, Maitre. Excellent, even!

Then spread the word! CLICK!!!

Here, he said. Take these!

But - but - w-what about Beijing? The GREAT KAHN!

They're all the same, he said. Meaning the keys.

Citizen Hearse? The GREAT KAHN!!!

Don't worry about it! He obviously didn't get it. He turned away, while he replaced the tattered jeans.

Trixie Sane was in Reception. She said he did it to himself.

Johnny wanted to turn it into an article and submit it to Vixen Foxy Weasel-Theatre's new